The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR

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. . EDITORIALS . .

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK

During American Education Week, from November 7 to 13, the Catholic schools throughout the country will bring their share in the instruction of the youth of the nation to the attention of the general public. "This," according to Francis M. Crowley, Director of the Catholic phase of the movement, "is an opportune time to make known to the general public the profound contribution the Catholic school is making to American life in training its young charges for full and complete citizenship."

Saint Mary's is not formally connected with the movement, as the work deals primarily with the secondary systems, but many of the activities of this college typify the spirit which is emphasized by the week. The extra-curricula activities of the students; athletics that build up the bodies of the boys, the clubs and seminar groups that not only foster the purposes for which they are organized, but also a spirit of independence and initiative seldom acquired in the class room, and the general cultural tone of the student's interests that will pave the way towards their advancing of these likings in their own communities later on. Saint Mary's is fulfilling the highest ideals of the American College, so much so, that there is a tendency to take them for granted. We need a National Education Week to call our attention to how deeply the really sound principles of American life are embodied in our training.

F. P. B.

CONCERNING MR. MADIGAN

Not so many years ago, the St. Mary's football team afforded only practice competition for the elevens along the Coast. One year indeed, the University of California ran up the overwhelming score of 127 to 0 against the Saints. Things had assumed a very dark and drab aspect. But better days were coming.

Up at Columbia High School in the North, a young man, Mr. Edward Madigan, was coaching the football team. Madigan had been a star linesman under that peer of gridiron mentors, Knute Rockne of Notre Dame, and had twice been numbered among the All-American selections. Under his tutelage Columbia High attained phenomenal success.

Brother Gregory, former President of Saint Mary's College, hearing of Madigan, got in touch with him, and finally secured his services as coach for the Saint Mary's team. At first the success was not so apparent, but then the Madigan system began to achieve results.

In 1924 the first great victory won by a Madigan team was when U. S. C. went down to defeat before Saint Mary's by a 14 to 10 score. The following year California was the victim of a 26 to 7 beating. This season Stanford University fell to the tune of 16 to 0.

On October 8th of this month, over eighty thousand people crowded the Memorial Stadium in Berkeley to see Saint Mary's and California meet in their annual game. This year Saint Mary's was beaten 13 to 0. But the crowd that filled the Stadium! And to see Saint Mary's, the former practice team play! That this college has found a permanent place in the football sun along the Pacific Coast was conclusively proven right there. And all this is due to the excellent coaching of Mr. Edward Madigan. His teams reflect his personality—they are hard-fighting and clean-playing elevens. His men know the game, fight to win, and when beaten, lose with a smile. Mr. Madigan has raised Saint Mary's from laggard to leader in football circles. He is the idol of the students, as he deserves to be, and may he remain such. We hope that he will ever adhere to the institution that afforded him his start, and that in return the students will continue to give the whole-hearted support they have been rendering Mr. Madigan and his teams.

A SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON

J. B. S. Haldane, an eminent scientist, tells us that great changes are to take place in this globe of ours—in ten million years. Mr. Haldane shows a very vivid flight of imagination which many present-day minds would rudely attribute to the effects of synthetic gin. Whether the gentleman in question is a teetotaler or not, it certainly looks as if he were suffering from something. Read the substance of what he says and form your own conclusions.

In five million years, equilibrium will have been attained by the human race. The human body will then be perfectly fitted to its environment, and will have a life span of three thousand years. But the end will be looming close. Man will squander the resources of nature until only the tides will exist. Excessive use of this energy will render the earth uninhabitable, and the human race will embark for more habitable climes. Great projectiles will be built, and large masses of men shot to Mars, there to be slain by the Martians. Eventually mankind will reach Venus, colonize and take up a new existence there. All this will have been history in ten million years.

There is a story told about the biggest liar in town. He, waiting for his meal in a restaurant, told the waiter that an immense whale had been harpooned and was tied to the wharf. The waiter let the lie out, it was buzzed around, and presently people began leaving to see the whale. A thin stream of diners at first soon developed into a mad rush, which even the cooks and waiters joineed. The originator of the tale did not get his meal, and was left alone, the only person in the restaurant. Gazing out the window he saw streams of automobiles and pedestrians rushing by—all in the direction of the wharf. After watching this for a few minutes, he deliberated, and grasping his hat in his hand finally exclaimed to himself: "Maybe there is a whale down at the wharf after all, I'll go and see for myself."

Perhaps Mr. Haldane, like the biggest liar in town, will finally get to believe his own silly prophecy, and try to shoot himself up to Mars or Venus. More likely, however, he'll die of old age, content to say such things on the strength of his reputation, knowing full well that there will be none able to refute him at the end of ten million years.

AND LADIES PREFER—?

A short while ago Anita Loos announced to the world in her breezy comedy, that "gentlemen prefer blondes." All the blonde women interested in men, which is the entire flock, and proud of themselves and their complexions, swore by Anita.

The brunettes, and the remainder of the female species who are non-blonde, either disdainfully refused to commit themselves regarding the subject, or openly attempted to refute it by citing their beaus as gentlemen who showed a preference for something else besides a Scandinavian complexion.

However, we'll have to let the women argue this question out, it directly concerns them, and many a hen-pecked husband will vehemently affirm that as far as argumentative ability goes, they are the ones who are fully qualified to settle the issue.

While they're endeavoring to come to an agreement regarding that question, let us advance another one. What do the ladies prefer? From what the manager of a Chicago taxi company said concerning redheads we would be led to believe that they are the popular choice of a large number of the feminine colony. He refused to hire any flaming-headed drivers, advancing as his reason that though they are above the average intelligence, the redheaded males are too speedy. Many women like speed—a speedy courtship, a quick marriage, and a hasty divorce. However, the more level-headed ladies will be looking for something of a deeper tone than speed. Maybe blondes will have the satisfying quality.

H. C. Witwer in one of his classics in slang in "Collier's" tells us that "ladies prefer brunettes." Again we're in a quandry; it's just about impossible to draw a definite conclusion. However, seeing that the ladies are settling their own question, let's leave the men, if they are sufficiently interested, to settle their's.

MOTHER AND SON

There is a story of the late President Harding which is related by Joseph Maher, who for 30 years was recorder of the supreme court of the United States. Mr. Maher heard it recounted to the judges of the supreme court by Mr. Harding himself.

On a certain day when the press was hungry for the forms of the "Marion Star," a part of the machinery of the composing room refused to work. Mr. Harding, anxious to expedite the day's issue, took a hand in the repairs. In his hurry he delivered a sharp blow upon his thumb. While easing his mind in the most emphatic language at his command, he saw a form vanish from the door of the composing room. He washed his hands and returned to the editorial sanctum, where he again beheld someone hurrying from the door. He hastened his steps, looked down the stairway, and saw his mother escaping through the outer door.

Returning to his desk he found in his mother's handwriting, this note: "Exodus, chapter xx:7."

Seizing the office Bible he turned to the Book of Exodus and to the seventh verse of the 20th chapter, where he read: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that shall take the name of the Lord his God in vain."

The president declared that since that day he had never pronounced the sacred name of God in vain.

What a lesson for the man that has fallen into the habit of profanity!—From Almanac of the Sacred Heart.

MY FRIEND, MR. B.

This is a continuation of B—'s remarks upon the status of contemporary colleges.

"The degree of Bachelor of Arts may be obtained in any number of ways, and its possession is no indication of any particular ability on the part of the possessor. However, that objection dwindles into insignificance when the numerous other phases of the college are considered." After these remarks B— paused and seemed to be more intent upon the pattern of the wall paper on the ceiling than our discussion. Very abruptly he put this query to me:

"How many formalities, meaningless and useless, are performed in the colleges today for no other reason than because they have always been done? How are they sustained, and by what force were they given life? Examinations, entrance requirements, and such things as that are usually a part of every college, and perhaps they may be necessary, but even that is no reason for their utter standardization.

"My plan in advocating this is not without reason. The ordinary high school youth is a bundle of energy, not too much occupied with what we call the more serious things of life. The high school presents to him numerous opportunities to have a rattling good time, and he sees no reason why he shouldn't capitalize. Of course you will find a goodly number of bootlicks in all institutions, and possibly the high school is vexed with more than its share of such nincompoops.

"This ilk is wont to do the pedagogue's slightest bidding with a maximum of celerity and efficiency. However, there are always those who will lag behind. These care not one whit what the potentate demands, and by devious diplomatic measures they manage to be graduated. The ordinary college by means of entrance requirements would keep such from its portals. These young men are normal in every respect, much more so than the others who will probably always be sheep, and never once show a modicum of individuality. The college should look for individuality and not be so punctilious in demanding that the applicant for admission have taken this or that course.

"College should make a callow high school youth into a man. It should teach him more than anything else that it is far more important what he is than what he has. But are the colleges doing this? Are they succeeding? How can this be determined? Find out what the undergraduates talk about and you will have found the answer. Is football or philosophy the dominant topic of discussion about the campus? What is the standard of prominence of the college, a membership to Phi Beta Kappa, or a membership on the football team. Must one be a man of broad attainments and of cultural interests, or a hail-fellow-well-met, a social lion? In most colleges the educational phase is merely accidental, the football coach is a real man, and the President of the College a fellow to be avoided.

"You can say what you will, the world with its utilitarian philosophy has made many unwelcome encroachments upon the college. The student—a misnomer—has witnessed the cutting of many melons, and when he takes his place with the madding crowd, he wants his share. The veneration for the physical has even pervaded the tanks of literature, and literature I believe is the best indication of the spirit of the times. If this persists, and I see no reason why it will not, the effect will be far from salutary. I see no bright rays of hope, but dark menacing clouds that have no silver lining. The literature of the land has experienced a rather radical metamorphosis. The physical has supplanted the spiritual. It is no wonder that journalistic prognosticators have come forth with Delphic astuteness and predicted events of a none too bright hue. But I mean not to digress. I shall dwell at length upon this on some other occasion.

"It is up to the college to dissipate the dark clouds by producing men who can see the danger. A reorganization is necessary. Deny, if you can, that education is a give and take process. A student enrolls in a course, exposes himself to the formal lectures that take place and at different intervals takes an examination, the process culminating with the final examination, after which the student is through with the course. He sells his book, and, in most cases, hears no more of the subject. You can see how this system is psychologically unsound. The college makes no further demands on the student after he has secured a satisfactory grade in the subject.

"The organization of the college curriculum should be of such a nature that this error is obviated. There ought to be some method of correlation of these college subjects with the life he is to participate in after his graduation. Jay William Hudson in his book, 'The College and New America,' sums up the matter in this way: 'Of course, not every subject of college study will find its place among life's dear desires; there must be trial and error in college education as in everything else human. But the error should be so minimized that what the student began in college shall, in the large, find its fulness of life beyond the college. The college curriculum should be to the life of the social order what the study of law becomes to the lawyer—the defining of his aims and the means to attain them. Or to put it otherwise, the social order should be considered in the next stage in the education of the college man, to which all his previous education unmistakably leads. Ten years from graduation, his college interests should have grown to robust maturity; not to be lost among the illusions of youth—the sort not even sighed for.'

"That quotation," concluded B—, "expresses my sentiments very adequately."

DUSTY ITEMS

M. AIKIN

ABOUT SURNAMES

We are not in the habit of giving much thought to the names which have come down to us from our fathers. Some of us, occasionally, may wish for a more euphonious surname, or for one a bit richer in romantic suggestion; but after all, no one would care to change his name—even though it became necessary to assume some fantastic praenomen to lend it color. It might be that we have all a touch of that primitive progenial veneration in us, or it might be that no name is really uninteresting, or "unromantic" when once it is interpreted.

In considering modern surnames, we are able rarely to trace them, uninterrupted, to an ancient source. Invariably the thread becomes lost in the gloom of the tenth century, and the few which emerge in the light of classic times are so changed as to be barely recognizable. The names of our eponymic ancestors were usually simple, distinguishing epithets, describing merely some individual peculiarity, or attrbute—or designating relationship, occupation or place of birth. It is well known that such names as Brown and Black were derived from the color of the hair. The names Strong, Small, Longshanks, Cruikshank, and so on, described physical conformations. Hardy, and Swift were inspired by the disposition of their bearers. Knight, Squire, Rich, etc., were so called from the station or position which their original possessors enjoyed, while such names as King, Noble, and Earl, were either affected, or were bestowed upon the retainers of men of such rank. Other names, as Archer, Fletcher, and Smith, came directly from the occupation. Scott, Holland, English, and Ireland—all rather common names, were derived from those countries; Ascham and Milton, the names of towns, became, likewise, the names of men.

Baptismal names of founders, and their derivatives, form yet another extensive group of family names. From Richard, we have Richardson, Rickson, Rixon, Ricks, Rix, and so on—an interminable list of variations. Dick yields anything from Dickson to Dickens, and Hitchin—an old diminutice for Richard, is father of Hitchinson, Hickox, and Hicks. The usual Saxon patronymic forms of such names are the suffixes "s," or son, while the prefixes Fitz, Ap, Mas, and O' are respectively the Norman, Weelsh, Scotch, and Irish forms.

One of the greatest difficulties in tracing names to their origins is that many of them are derived from obsolete words. Fletcher, for example, would mean nothing had it not appeared in early Norman literature, signifying an archer; and Lorimer—not to speak of its derivatives, which means a maker of horsebits. Indeed, some names can be identified only through dialects which have long-since become extinct. Who would suspect that Todd was a fox, or Beck a brook? Add to this difficulty, the varied changes through abbreviation, corruption, and phonetic differences, and the problem of interpreting surnames grows. Shakespeare spelt his name in no less than forty-three different ways, and his friends lent zest to his originality by giving it some two hundred and seventy odd forms. In this manner, many lordly names died out: The great Beauchamps became the commonplace Beechams; noble St. John degenerated into Singen; and the Knollys became simply the Knowles.

Crossing to Ireland, we come upon surnames which in many instances are older than those of England, and which, for the most part, retain more perfectly their original meaning. It is gratifying to observe that the Irish McMahons are near relatives to the Italian Orsini, and to the French Ursins—since they are all "sons of bears," which is what those names mean. The Costellos, however, bear more than a superficial resemblance to the Italian, and the Burkes must trace their lineage to the French de Burgos, who in turn look for their ancestors in sunny Spain.

PECULIARITIES OF GENIUS

Some are convinced that persons of genius are peculiar. Though not true in all cases, there is evidence that many famous literary lights were peculiar in certain respects. Dickens had a weakness for flashy jewelry. Victor Hugo spoke very little, and his remarks were usually questions. For weeks at a time, Zola believed himself to be an idiot, and in this state of mind did his best work. Edgar Allen Poe was very proud of his feet. Joaquin Miller nailed all his chairs to the wall. Robert Louis Stevenson played the flute in order to tune up his ideas.

Bret Harte would hire a cab and drive all night, so he could get his brain working smoothly. He enjoyed being taken for an Englishman. Oliver Wendell Holmes carried a potato in one pocket, and a horse-chestnut in another to ward off rheumatism. Hawthorne delighted in poring over old advertisements in the newspaper files. Disraeli wore corsets; his chief aim was to always appear young, and had a pen stuck behind each ear when writing. Alexander Dumas, the younger, bought a new painting every time he had a new book published. Thackeray used to lift his hat every time he passed the house in which he wrote "Vanity Fair."

Count Tolstoy used to go barefoot and hatless the year around. He was also very fond of French perfume, and always had a flower placed on his desk when he wrote. Darwin had very little respect for books; he would cut a large volume in two for convenience in handling, and would tear out the pages he wanted for reference.

PERIODICALS

R. PAGE

THE OVER POPULATION OF THE COLLEGE

By James R. Angell

(In Harper's Magazine for October.)

The general concensus of opinion among most educators is that there are too many students in the colleges, more than are desired, and more than can be profitably instructed. The educators are also convinced, and it seems with very good grounds, that a multifarious number of these learners are intellectually unfit for four years of rigorous mental training, that they never can obtain even a small degree of erudition or a glimmering of wisdom because of a lack of psychic characteristics which are conditions precedent to higher education. The problem is, how to do away with the mass of misfits and preserve the colleges for those who can and will appreciate them.

Numerous remedies are discussed by Dr. Angell and their practicalness—or the lack of it—is looked into. For example, take the system of entrance requirements. The Doctor points out that no system of the above nature has ever been devised that does not eliminate many desirable students. He then demonstrates that it is not always expedient to limit the number of scholars for, "Two hundred students might seriously strain the resources of one institution where one thousand students would not do so in another institution of similar ideals and purposes. To limit the latter to two hundred students might well prove stupid and wasteful."

The solution of the problem of Over Population lies not in restricting the number attending college by arbitrary and artificial means, but by raising the standard of our educational institutions. This must be done on a large scale. It must begin with the kindergarten and end only after it has been carried through the colleges. It is not a question for educations upper divisions alone, but for the entire American nation, and not until it is solved will the practice of "permitting young people of the slenderest and most meagre intellectual powers" clog the wheels of college education be disposed of.

A CHAPTER FROM AN UNWRITTEN AUTO-BIOGRAPHY

By Theodore Maynard

(In The Catholic World for August and September)

One lesson every Catholic can draw from this pleasing narrative of the most important chapter in the author's life is that the truth about his religion will often dispel and scatter the deepest of preconceived, erroneous conceptions that imbue with prejudice the minds of many non-Catholics.

The parents of Theodore Maynard were Protestant evangelists. They sang with great gusto and fanatic fervor the unmusical compositions of their sect. They preached with unbounded enthusiasm their interpretation of the Scriptures. But the loudest and most emphatic voice they raised was the voice against Catholicism, and the songs they sang and the sermons they preached with the most eager and devoted indignant ardor were their dictums against the horrible pope and all who followed him. The mind of young Theodore was plastic and adolescent. The damnable lies continually droned in his ear could not but impress the boy with a suspicious and fearing hatred of all that was "popish." And despite it all, and notwithstanding his mother's fervent remark that she would rather see him dead than a Catholic, Theodore Maynard did become just that.

Why?

He had an inquisitive mind, he searched and he found, and when he discovered the true state of affairs, he became a convert, he became a good Catholic in every sense of the word.

Does not his case make it incumbent upon every Catholic to know his religion, to put himself in a position to remove from the minds of his non-Catholic friends the cold grey fog of ignorance?

VANISHED HOUR

One golden hour has past
While I sat dreaming.
One golden hour has joined all time,
While I sat scheming.
One golden hour—'twas here anon,
And found me theming—
One golden hour, 'twill come no more,
And I sat dreaming.

M. A.

STAFF

DEPARTMENTS

W. W. KELLER, '28 - - - - - Drama
L. COMTE, '28 - - - - - - Drama
N. SULLIVAN, '28 - - - - - - Sports
E. HINES, '29 - - - - - - - Sports
A. DEMARTINI, '28 - - - - - Books
H. BERTAIN, '29 - - - - - Alumni

NEWS

J. FITZGERALD, '30 G. DELEW, '28
J. T. DAVIS, '31 M. CLONEY, '28
D. O'BRIEN, '29 T. CLEARY, '28
N. NUGENT, '29

DRAMA

"PIGS"

Once more we find Henry Duffy presenting to the public another laughable comedy under the name of "Pigs," which is now finishing its fifth week at the Alcazar Theatre. The play possesses the usual number of "gags" that manage to draw forth the giggles and somewhat over-stimulated applause of the audience. The laughs are numerous, the situations at times clever, but the whole affair is trivial, without depth, consequence, or of any special importance. Once having seen the comedy we forget it almost immediately, for there is nothing particularly impressive about the entire three acts of "slapstick" that is tossed to the assembled patrons of the theatre, much in the manner of a rapidly moving sausage-grinding machine.

In "Pigs" we have just one succeeding bit of jocosity after another, from the onset to the finish. Perhaps this comedy has achieved new things in the matter of stage presentation, for live, grunting pigs are seen on the stage. much to the delight of all children present, as well as to the pleasure of those grown-ups who have an innate penchant for circus features!

The story of "Pigs" is mostly downright silliness, but it manages to get over and to please the assembled crowds. It has for its hero a youth, Tommy Atkins, who is hilariously "hickish," yet ambitious to become a successful veterinarian. As is usually the case in such stories, he has a sweetheart, makes good (by buying, curing and selling at a huge profit a number of pigs), marries his little girl friend, Mildred Cushing, and saves his family from financial embarrassment.

For all that may be said against "Pigs," it has some reconcilitory features. Mr. Emerson Treacy as Tommy Atkins, and Miss Gay Seabrook as his "baby talking" lover, play their parts with considerable individuality and ease. The work of the supporting cast is also commendable, especially that of Miss May Buckley, who takes the part of Mrs. Atkins. She succeeds in producing the nearest approach to a dramatic scene in the play, while consoling her husband about his manifold monetary difficulties. The effect of her acting was manifested in a sudden tensioning on the part of the audience that expected merely whole-hearted laughs, but in this one instance received something just a little bit more uplifting.

Because of the continual comical situations and somewhat catchy dialogue, the comedy did not drag. There was nothing boresome about the production, unless one of the assembled group of listeners happened to disdain laughter, and then he should not have purchased a ticket or wasted his evening in such a manner. But then again, there were no extraordinary and distinctly attractive features in the comedy, unless we consider the presence of real, live pigs, and we would hardly be justified in calling them attractive.

"Pigs," amusing comedy that it is, has drawn the crowds, given laughs, satisfied the audiences, but that is all. One might easily secure such entertainment by attending a vaudeville show that has a few snatches of snappy dialogue and a number of laughable predicaments. The only big difference would be in the amount of laughter produced and the length of the respective performances. Inconsequential as it may be, "Pigs" affords a cheap brand of amusement to those who desire such, but at its best it is commonplace and tawdry as far as dramatic features are concerned.

L. C.

"THE PELICAN"

At the present time, the Columbia Theatre of San Francisco has a very talented and likeable actress fulfilling a series of plays. After a rather long absence from the bay city Miss Marjorie Rambeau has come back to entertain her enthusiastic San Francisco audiences.

Miss Rambeau was royally welcomed and acclaimed by her admirers on the opening night, October 3rd, when she appeared in a four act drama, called "The Pelican." Incidently, I might add that this play by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. W. Harwood, was produced under the personal direction of Miss Rambeau, and was done so remarkably well.

"The Pelican," from the first scene to the last is worth while, both in its plot and action. The theme deals with sacrifice—that of a wrongly accused woman for her child. As Wanda Heriot, the misunderstood wife of Marcus Heriot, a gentleman of an aristocratic military family, Miss Rambeau is given a chance to do some splendid emotional acting. This is especially noticeable at the close of the first act when Wanda, being falsely accused of loving another man, is cast aside by the Heriot family and is forced to leave home and England, with her unrecognized child. Miss Rambeau made this scene tremendously effective and held her listeners till her last words were uttered. The setting of the next three acts is laid in the Paris home of the former Mrs. Heriot seventeen years after her separation. Robin, her son, as portrayed by Allen Vincent, has developed into a fine young man. It is he who brings the plot to a climax, by causing a reconciliation to be brought about between his mother and Marcus Heriot. It is, furthermore, in this final issue that Wanda shows her spirit of self-denial, and pleases the military ambitions of her son Robin by going back to live with her unjust and false accusing husband.

Throughout the play, Miss Rambeau displays a fine, clear enunciation and puts feeling into her characterization with beneficial results. Moreover, she does not take to herself all of the high spots of the show, but gives her fellow actors and actresses a chance to show their aptitudes in one or two big scenes, from which she is absent. Although Miss Rambeau stands out as the most prominent individual of the cast, the acting of Richard Lancaster as General Heriot, and Richard Bartlett as Marcus Heriot, not to mention Allen Vincent's characterization of Robin, is unquestionably deserving of merit.

"The Pelican" with its impressive features of plot, coupled with the ever felt presence of Miss Rambeau's splendid performance, proved to be a most enjoyable and sensible play. Without Miss Rambeau as the leading character, it would not have been nearly as delightful as it proved to be, for she—thoroughly fascinating actress that she is, was perfectly fitted to her part. Miss Rambeau displayed much sedateness, poise and clear cut interpretations. A great deal of her personality was manifested when she spoke, and this added in no small manner to the naturalness of her well-balanced acting.

The play was wholesome, not without one or two "talky spots," but highly commendable and worth seeing. Compared with the various other productions that have recently been in San Francisco, "The Pelican" is by far the most sensible, clever and interesting drama of the lot.

L. C.

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BOOKS

"THAT'S NEW YORK!"

By Morris Markey and Johan Bull
Publishers, Macy-Masius, 1927

It is too bad we haven't more books of this sort so that we could despise the daily press to save time and energy and yet keep apace with the times. The authors have taken such care,—in as much as care is given to scandal sheets,—to tint their work with even the spice of the glaring headlines that greet us on our morning tabloids. In short, they have presented in digest form the topics that have sporadically blazed in newspapers, bothered the police and thwarted the minds of the simple onlookers, the citizens of that great and glorious New York.

The account of the unfortunate Abie Cohen being so skillfully shot down in Delancey street is a fitting introduction to the work and also to New York. It at the outset bespeaks of the perils and danger of receiving a stray bullet when one of "de gangs" is about to "get its man." The Kid Dropper,—so called because he used to "drop kids," that is, knock children unconscious,—is quite a character, but he too, went the way of "marked men." As an aftermath of this bloody first chapter comes a realistic description of the negro dives and it is suitably titled "Black Bottom," at once descriptive and specific. We wonder what the next topic will be and of a sudden are plunged into a vivid account of "Peaches" and "Daddy" Browning, the victims of incompatibility or something along those lines. Passing then to Miss Utley, the child evangelist, and next to "Gentleman" Gene Tunney, of the boxing profession, who says:

> "—I feel like Alexander the Great. I am looking for new worlds to conquer. And the chief thing I want is to learn, to know what it is all about, to improve my mind as I have improved my body."

It is the desire of the authors that Mr. Tunney pay more attention to his championship and less to his philosophy. Nevertheless, we feel proud of such a big, strong champion until we read of the Chinese

> "—becoming Americanized. They are taking correspondence courses. They are joining civic clubs. And they are discovering that the blunt diplomacy of a pistol bullet is kid stuff when ranged alongside the subtler methods of American business."

Really, it is too bad the authors failed to bring up the California-Japanese question at this point.

The histories of the prominent pretenders, "Lord Beaverbrook" and others, is interesting, while the critical study of Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth is refreshing in comparison to the cynical treatment of the movies, educational and otherwise. A description of "big show" rehearsals discloses an illuminating truth that actors when not acting are ordinary human beings. This fact could be taught with effect to young children to save them from sudden surprises.

The work is of an ephemeral nature and if published today it would have to include accounts of Colonel Lindbergh, Amiee McPherson's visit to New York or other "headliners." There is a mixture of common sense and honest wit at times, but in the way of suggestion, purchase an ordinary street guide when going to New York and not a book that could be righfully called the "Who's Who in American Scandal."

C. W. Davis, '28.

THE BACKGROUND OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

H. J. C. Grierson
(Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1926)

"The Background of English Literature" is a collection of about seven lectures and essays, the name of the first serving as the title of the book. Don Quixote, Lord Byron, Blake and Gray are some of the figures that are considered in the other discourses. They deal mostly with poetry, so much so that the author might have called his work "Poets and Poetic Movements," if he had not found a better name. Every writer in the past assumes that his audience has a certain amount of knowledge, that it will understand his allusions to national history, to general scientific and religious doctrines, and to mythology and literature. This common background must have influenced writers greatly. That it does do this is brought out very clearly in the first of the lectures. In those that follow, Mr. Grierson treats of individual men, but the same idea predominates, and gives to the separate discussions a unity that is rare in collections of this kind, making the title of the whole singularly apt.

Unless the reader is already familiar with the writings of the men referred to, it would be useless for him to do more than glance at the book. There are many allusions and expressions that would sound monotonous, and, perhaps, foolish, to one who was not acquainted with them in their setting. No attempt is made to coax people into reading the men who are spoken of, nor is there any explanation of the appeal that may be in a particular piece of literature. The critic is seeking that which will give permanence to those whom he studies, going into the details of a man's work—almost dissecting it—in order to explain his point more thoroughly. Throughout the entire group of studies the note of scholarship is kept up, so much so that it is a little overdone—there is not enough of relaxation, of humor, of "roughage." It is not wise to strive for condensation at the expense of attractiveness. We frequently long, while reading these lectures, for the "jolly jingoism" that characterizes the writings of Hilaire Belloc.

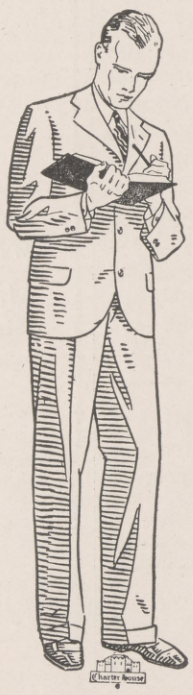
It is due, perhaps, to the influence of Mr. Belloc's personality, that the one time we really smile during the reading of "The Backgrounds" is in a reference to him. It is a very clever hit on the part of the author.

"When he (Sancho Panza) and Tom Cecial finished discussing the rabbit-pastry and that supposititious squire put the bottle into Sancho's hand, he grasped it, 'and setting it to his mouth stood gazing at the stars for a quarter of an hour; and having done drinking he let fall his head to one side, and fetching a deep sigh said, 'O whoreson rogue, how **Catholic** it is;' One seems almost to hear the voice of Mr. Belloc or Mr. Chesterton."

Mr. Grierson shows a thorough appreciation and deep knowledge of literature. He is almost altogether impartial in his consideration of the personalities of literary men—one of the hardest things to do, for one who truly loves this field. The lectures make us see those works which we have read with a clearer understanding and a deeper appreciation than before, which is, after all, the only thing that the writer sets out to do.

J. G. O.

"BRINGING FIFTH AVENUE TO ST. MARY'S"



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BEARS BEAT SAINTS IN GRID TILT, 13 TO 0

GAELS FAIL TO GALLOP IN USUAL STYLE

Weakened by the torrid battle that they had experienced against Stanford the Saturday previous, in which they lost two star backfield men, the Saint Mary's Varsity went down to defeat before the attack of the Golden Bear, 13 to 0.

The "Galloping Gaels" were neither outplayed, nor outfought, and although the boys were in there trying all the time, fighting their hardest, the pace was too much for them. The attempt to keep up a mid-season form failed, as the two big games coming in succession told on them. The line, outstanding as usual, was in every play, as the total yardage made by the California team from scrimmage shows. They made something like 78 yards, their losses being about 45. The trouble lay in the connecting of one forward pass from Lom to Dougery in the opening quarter, followed by a ten yard run by Lom, and then a two yard buck by Dougery, scoring the first touchdown for the Bears. The second touchdown was indirectly the result of a pass also, plus a penalty by the referee for interference with the receiver.

The Saints showed little in the line of an offense, one gain by Merrick of 46 yards being the outstanding run of the afternoon. The backs had plenty of trouble getting started, due to the fact that Phillips and Dougery, and some of the other Bear linesmen were breaking through time and again.

The outstanding star of both teams on the field was Captain Larry Bettencourt, who was in every play. Time and again he broke through the California line to nail the ball carrier and throw him for a loss. And above all, in a desperate attempt to score, Larry went into the backfield to throw a couple of passes. One connected for a gain of about nine yards, and then, not satisfied with that, he made a four yard run around California's end. All to no avail, however; the old defensive punch was too far lacking. The boys had given too much against Stanford, and in their weakened condition the Bears carried too many guns for them.

Taking all in all the Saints fought a hard and clean battle, and it was no disgrace to be defeated by a team of California's mettle.

Brother Leo To Lecture in S. F.

Brother Leo will speak at the St. Francis Hotel on Saturday, November 12th under the auspices of the Presentation Alumnae. The title of his talk will be "The Heart of Books," a subject to which this famed literateur will be able to bring the entire force of his inimitable personality. The appeal of literature, as well as the reputation of the speaker, makes it necessary to arrive before the time set, two o'clock, to secure admittance.

FRESHMAN MAN GETS HONOR

The Freshman Class has any number of good men in it. One of these, Joseph Connolly, has received the singular distinction of being elected President of the Men's Club at Saint Augustine's Church in Oakland.

Reserved Seats

Starting a precedent, the seats for the football games with the Universities of Gonzaga and Idaho will be reserved. This is the first time any Saint game in San Francisco has had reserved seats outside of the annual Santa Clara contest. From the showing the Gaels have been making in the past few years, it won't be long, however, before this will be the case with the majority of their contests.

BROTHER GREGORY RETURNS FROM TRIP

STUDENTS GIVE FORMER PRESIDENT GREAT WELCOME

On October 11th the student body and the faculty of Saint Mary's College gathered in the gymnasium to welcome back Brother Gregory from his Eastern trip. President McCambridge, presiding chairman of the Welcome Committee, began proceedings with a speech of welcome on behalf of the students.

The next speaker was Brother Lewis, who succeeded Brother Gregory as head of the College. He expressed warm admiration and the greatest of praise for the work done by his predecessor during his eight years of his Presidency. To him he accounted the recent phenomenal growth of Saint Mary's. Following Brother Lewis, Professor James L. Hagerty, speaking on behalf of the lay faculty, also greeted the ex-president.

After these introductory speeches, Brother Gregory himself spoke. He told the audience how happy he was to be back in California, and expressed a reluctance to again leave it. According to his words, Saint Mary's has too much of a hold on his affections to assure him of a happy frame of mind when any great distance away from it. This we may well believe, taking his whole-hearted and unselfish actions which he expressed while President of the institution into consideration.

Between speeches the College Band gave selections, and songs were offered by the student quartette.

Credit Graph To Be Posted

A graph representing the scholastic standing of each student at the end of the quarter is being prepared. Previously the mark indicated was the average grade of a student per subject—this time it will be the average grade of a student per unit. This is a more exact method of determining the standing. Other graphs will show the comparative standing of the classes, of resident and non-resident students, and the various campus organizations. The purpose of this graph is to show the student his marks in their relation to those of his fellows, and to inspire him to improve.

ANOTHER GOLF STAR COMES TO LIGHT

Due to all the talk concerning the golf stars of the College, the Freshman Class wants the rest of the student body to know that they have a stellar par shooter that has been overlooked. This is William Hughes, and reports from the Sacramento Valley has it that he wields a very effective mashie.

VARSITY AND GONZAGA MEET ON SUNDAY

PROMISES TO BE TORRID BATTLE

This coming Sunday the Galloping Gael eleven meets the Gonzaga Mudders in what promises to be a hard-fought grid tilt, at Kezar Stadium in San Francisco. The Gonzaga footballers are to be remembered from last year, when they surprised the undefeated Saint Mary's Varsity of 1926 by holding them to a scoreless tie, and thus scoring a moral victory over the conquerors of California and other strong teams. This, however, was not due to the fact that they were on a par with the Saints in ability, but was on account of the exceedingly sloppy field, which handicapped both grid outfits.

The Red and Blue has come forth with another strong contender for Coast honors again this year, and figure to be on the long end of the score when the pistol goes off Sunday. The Northern team, which is coached by Clipper Smith, is not near as strong as it was last year. Thus the eleven that walloped the Stanford Cards, should taste victory again with a win over Gonzaga.

Following this week's contest, another Northern team will meet the Saints. This will be Idaho, who boasts of one of the strongest teams in the Pacific Coast Conference. According to advance reports, Charlie Erb's outfit is possessed of real offensive and defensive power, and will have hit their real stride by the time they tangle with the Gaels. If this is true, Saint Mary's will have to buck up and play the football it is capable of if it wants to win.

U. C. President in Congratulations to S. M.

In answer to Brother Lewis' letter complimenting and thanking the University of California on the excellent spirit and good sportsmanship exhibited by that institution towards Saint Mary's in their last football game, a missile has been received from President Campbell.

He in turn compliments Saint Mary's for the good feeling they portrayed. He emphasizes particularly the utter futility of all sports and athletic contests unless they tend towards fostering friendly feeling between the participants. He believes that this was manifested particularly in the aforesaid game in the California stands' cheering for the injured Saint star, O'Gorman.

We heartily endorse the thought of President Campbell and believe that this is the beginning of a new and more amicable feeling between the two institutions.

TOM BURNS NOW STANFORDITE

Tom Burns, who finished his premedical course at Saint Mary's last May, has resumed his studies at Stanford University. Burns was around the College shortly before the football game between the Saints and Cards and was in a dilemma. He was uncertain which team he wanted to win, and finally decided to compromise and sit between the goal posts. Notwithstanding his neutrality, Tom was of the opinion that Stanford would win. As we now know, Tom and some other thousands of fans were wrong.

A. P. G. U. SOCIETY HOLDS INITIATION

On Tuesday evening, October 18, the Alpha Pi Gamma Uplison accepted eight applications for membership into the society. As part provisions for joining the A. P. G. U., the applicants had to undergo an initiation which would fit them to join the ranks of the society. The newcomers were received in the Clubroom where the first part of the initiation process took place. Then all were conducted in automobiles to parts unknown where the final and most rigorous portion of the initiation was given. All successfully passed the numerous tests and were admitted as full-fledged members into the organization. The neophytes were: George DeLew, Clarence Hamilton, Rafael Monzon, Ed Tazer, William Keller, Bernard Dobbins, William Johnston and H. Gardner.

After the initiation, which was witnessed with great amusement by several members of the Faculty and graduate members of the society, the new members were taken back to the College dining room where they were duly congratulated for passing the difficult tests which had been given them, and where all enjoyed most welcome and enjoyable refreshments.

Architect Lauds Brother Cornelius

An article by our Brother Cornelius on the great national shrine of the Immaculate Conception now in course of construction on the campus of the Catholic University at Washington, has moved the leading architect of the building, Charles S. Maginnis, to write as follows:

"My dear Brother Cornelius:

I was very much impressed by your impression of the shrine of the Immaculate Conception at Washington, as reported in the present number of the Salve Regina. Many things are said about the shrine, but I have read few things which imply your scholarly appreciation of its architectural intention. I wish you to know how much I enjoyed reading it."

Backgrounders View Scenic Slides

The members of the Literary Backgrounds course were substantially benefited several weeks ago by an innovation by William Mallen of the Senior Class. Mallen secured slides of European places of interest in harmony with the course, and borrowing a projecting machine, entertained his classmates with a real free show. "Bill" is to be complimented for his initiative in this respect, for his action benefited the members of the course tremendously.

LEO CUNNINGHAM IS FATHER OF BOY

Leo Cunningham of the Class of '18, is the proud father of a son, Leo Aloysius. Leo Senior was very prominent in student activities while here at Saint Mary's, his crowning achievement being the lead in the play, "Dante the Wingbearer." He is now practicing law in San Francisco, and though he does not state what the youngster's profession is going to be, there is no secret what college the boy is going to attend.

GAELS WIN TWO CONFERENCE TILTS

SLUGGISH PLAY OF WINNERS MARKS BOTH CONTESTS

The Saint Varsity opened up their Conference season by scoring a pair of victories, the first over the Gray Fog eleven of St. Ignatius, 23 to 0, and the second over the Nevada Wolf pack, 38 to 0. Both games saw the Gaels taking things easy in the first half, and then opening up in the second. Against the Ignatians Illia blocked a pass in the initial period which rolled over the line for a safety. The score remained 2 to 0 up to the last quarter, when, under the capable direction of Driscoll, the Varsity made their first touchdown, Merrick going over after a well sustained drive, Mulcahy converting. The following pair of scores were by Rooney and Bettencourt, one the result of an intercepted pass, and the other a blocked kick.

In the Nevada game, Madigan's men were again in a lethargy in the first half, but snapped out of it in the second with a savage drive which netted them six touchdowns. Of these Merrick and McIntyre each scored two, with one each by Bogan and Johnson making up the sextet. The features of the game were the booting of Ackerman, the charging of Bettencourt, the generalship of Driscoll, and the eighty yard run of McIntyre. All in all, however, it was somewhat of a slow game, and the Saints are a lot more capable than what they showed against these two obviously inferior opponents.

Rally Committee Starts Action

The Rally Committee got to work and showed that it intended to be real active this year by holding a spirited rally before the Bear game. Brother Agnon was the first speaker, and gave the boys something to clap for. Assistant Coach Bodie Andrews followed, and then came Captain Bettencourt. As a fitting conclusion, Coach Madigan gave one of his dramatic and emotion-inspiring talks, which sent the boys away fairly radiating with support of the team.

Between talks, Ed Massa's Novelty Band furnished several attractive and popular numbers.

MOB PSYCHOLOGY

Bill Milisivich, of the Frosh team, has come in for some harsh and unmerited criticism. In the Cal Frosh game a Saint man fell on an opponent knees first. Milisivich, on the other side of the field at the time, was then taken from the game. The crowd immediately drew the inference that he had been ejected for fouling, and booed him accordingly. Here was unjust judgment, and "Bill" did not deserve it. This is an endeavor to clear Milisivich, for there is not a cleaner player on any squad than this youth.

O'Gorman Hears California Game

Though confined to his bed in Saint Mary's hospital in San Francisco, Gus O'Gorman, injured Saint grid star, was able, through the courtesy of Mr. Sam Whiting of Redwood City, to hear the California game by radio. Mr. Whiting, an ardent supporter of the Red and Blue, being informed that O'Gorman would be unable to attend the game, had one of his finest radios installed at Gus' bedside. Of course things went wrong, and the Gaels lost, but Gus comments that the Bears did not beat him. That is the spirit that carries on, and we are sure that in a short time, with Gus working in the old position, with "Toots" Kasper, who will soon be in harness once more, the Varsity will reach the heights it attained against Stanford.

As regards Mr. Whiting and his courtesy shown O'Gorman, The Collegion takes this opportunity of thanking this gentleman in the name of the entire Student Body of Saint Mary's.

ALUMNI PRESIDENT POLITICAL CANDIDATE

The students of the College who live in San Francisco want to vote, and to have their parents vote, for William "Dick" Fitzgerald, who is running for sheriff in the coming election in that city. Mr. Fitzgerald is a zealous Saint Mary's man, and is President of the Alumni Association. He is a good man for the job!

Brother Cyprian Almost Lost To Saint Mary's

The Scholastics around the college are breathing easily once again, their cause for fear has vanished. It was reported a few days ago that Brother Cyprian was to leave the ranks of the Brothers here at the college and repair to Saint Mary's High School, there to assume the position of teacher. This was either a false alarm, or was reconsidered, for Brother Cyprian is still with us. The rest of the Scholastics hope that the matter is ended and will not crop out again, for the place of this young Brother in their ranks would be a hard one to fill.

Senior Man Basket Coach

Jim Underhill is not the only Saint Mary's man that Sacred Heart College in San Francisco has on its coaching staff. Armand DeMartini of this year's Senior Class is basketball coach of the "Fighting Irish" prep basketers. Armand is in his second year in this position, having coached there last year with very good success. His teams are going good this year again, and once that DeMartini gets his system established you can rest assured that Sacred Heart will annex court championships with ease and regularity.

Chalemagnes Meet; Hold Debate

On the nineteenth of October, the entire Charlemagne Club held a meeting, the chief feature of which was a debate between members of the two departments—German and French. The topic of the debate had to do with the respective merits of Schiller and Corneille. Gaynor and Meyer represented the Germans, and Brother Pius and Gillen presented the French side of the question.

YEARLING GETS HOSPITAL JOB

Joseph Neery, of the Frosh Class, is adding practical experience to his pre-medical studies by assisting the "medicos" of the Providence hospital. Imperial is also numbered among the personnel of the hospital, and is rising rapidly as elevator operator.

FROSH WIN ONE AND LOSE TWO

STANFORD FROSH LONE VICTIM

In their last trio of games, "Dutch" Conlan's Frosh squad came out on the short end in two of them. The games they lost were to the California Frosh, 14 to 7, and to the Stanford Grays, 12 to 2. Their lone victory was scored over the Stanford Frosh, 12 to 6.

As regards the California game, the Frosh put up a good battle, but the Bear Cubs were just a little too good. Boyle was outstanding in this contest with a forty yard run to a touchdown, for the yearlings only score. In the Stanford win he also featured with a thirty-five yard run, after receiving a pass, for the winning score. Against the Grays, the first year men were very sluggish, did not play up to their usual standard, and so went down to defeat. The play, except for a few occasions, was always in Stanford's territory. Ponti, Ebding, and Noonan played a good game.

Fourth Year Man Now Convalescing

Leonard Lucio of the Senior Class has met with misfortune. Leonard was compelled to leave for home due to sickness a few weeks ago. Everyone expected that he would be back shortly as well as ever. However, the illness was more serious than was at first expected, and though he has recovered, Lucio is still in such delicate health that the doctor will not allow him to return to College until next January. This is indeed a stroke of adverse luck, but it is still possible that he will be able to graduate with his class. We hope so.

CLARENCE CARROLL NOW LAW STUDENT

Clarence Carroll, thespian and yell leader of last year, is attending Hastings Law College in San Francisco. According to what he says he is getting along splendidly. Clarence is affiliated with an insurance company, selling life insurance in his spare hours.

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FROSH GIVE RETURN DANSANT

THANK U AFFAIR BIG SUCCESS

Showing a true appreciation of Saint Mary's traditions, the Freshmen returned the Sophomore welcome reception with an extremely fine dance given at the beautiful new Collegiate Ballroom of the Hotel Leamington. The time chosen was an exceptionally good one, since the affair was given on the evening before October 12, Columbus Day. Coming in the middle of the Quarterly Tests as it did, it proved to be a pleasing diversion from the trials and tribulations which always attend examinations.

The dance was a brilliant success in every way and was enhanced by a large crowd. The music provided by Paul Nutting's orchestra of eight pieces was excellent and the dancing was featured by red and blue spotlight displays. The entire affair was well managed by the committee in charge, consisting of Haven, Minehan, Whitestone, with Kevin McGettigan as chairman.

The Freshman class is to be complimented on its quick adoption of the spirit of the institution, and it is hoped that the Return Dansant is only the first of many and equally successful social endeavors of the class.

Sophomore Man Aquatic Star

Prominent among the men of ability in the Sophomore Class is Ralph "Duke" Montalli. Montalli is a swimmer of repute. He came from Lowell High, where he was substantially responsible in aiding that school in winning the San Francisco High School Championship for the twenty-first consecutive time. Ralph swam the Golden Gate in the last Chronicle swim, and finished in the very creditable position of eighth place. It is too bad that Saint Mary's has not a swimming team so this material could be utilized.

MORAGA BUILDING ACTIVITIES START

Even the most rabid of sceptics must now admit that the new College will be a reality. Saint Mary's Building Committee has decided to keep its threat of erecting a fine set of new buildings in which it can continue the work of the Brothers which has had such success in our present quarters.

Almost unknown to the students, great things have been in progress at Moraga. Construction work has been so active that in a short time few will even be able to recognize the scene of the Commencement Exercises last May. The foundations and preliminary construction of four large buildings have been laid, and it will not be long until the Administration Hall, quarters for Chemistry, and two spacious Dormitories will be completed. Besides this, extensive grounds are being graded and leveled for the various athletic fields. Roads are being built and wells sunk; there is also a large dam in construction. One would think that a small city was being erected, and so, indeed, it will be eventually. Thus, students of Saint Mary's, your hopes and dreams are being realized!

Handball Stars Hold Practice

Now that the lure of the opening grid games are wearing off, the lust for handball has taken possession of some of the men about the school. Prominent among the opposers of the glory of Dr. Friedenberg and "Canonball" Ranft, are Harry Fenelon, Feeney, and Dana of the Junior Class. Constant practice is putting these men on edge, and it will be no wonder if the Third Year men start an agitation for an Interclass Handball tournament. If any tournament is to be held it should be an open one, for that would afford Mac Goodrow, the trainer, to demonstrate the prowess of his port-side flinger. Mac is quite a handball player.

Mission Society Formed Here

October 5th a very interesting talk in the classes of the College was rendered by Father Sullivan of Saint Mary's Cathedral in San Francisco, and a former graduate of the College, in an effort to form in Saint Mary's a branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. This organization is devoted to the interest of the Catholic Missionaries in the Far East, and attempts to show the people of this country something of the work that it is doing. He emphasized particularly the need of prayer by every member of the Faith in order to insure the success of the present-day Apostles. On his departure, Father Sullivan left the forming of the local branch of the Society in the hands of the class officers, with the result that now every member of the College is enrolled.

Econ Club Takes In New Members

The Economic Association met on Tuesday, October 18th, in order to receive new members. Seeing that there were only Seniors in the Association up to date, lower classmen were taken in so that the good work started by the Association this year may be carried on by experienced members in 1928.

PRIESTS ENTERTAIN GRID PLAYERS

On the morning of the football game with Stanford, the members of the team were royally entertained at Belmont by Fathers Ryan and Duffy. Breakfast and the sojourn in the beautiful grounds of the military academy aided materially in putting the players in the correct frame of mind.

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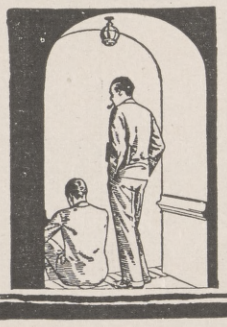

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George Clause Visits School After Tour

One of the old students at the A. P. G. U. initiation held on Tuesday, October 18th, was George Clause, who has just completed an extensive automobile tour of the Southwest and Middle West with his brother, Joseph Clause, ex. '29. Both will resume studies at Saint Mary's after a year's leave of absence.

While in Pittsburg both saw Andy House, former Varsity pitcher, in action with the Pirates, and while in Indiana they visited the University of Notre Dame. Yellowstone Park was their last stop, after which they arrived home in time for the Stanford game at Palo Alto.

SYLVESTER ANDRIANO, '11

At the recent Columbus Day Celebration in San Francisco, Sylvester Ardriano, '11, was the principal speaker. Mr. Andriano is one of Saint Mary's most prominent laymen in San Francisco.

Honor List Posted For Courses

A list of the names of the students most conspicuous for their good work in three Senior courses, one Upper Division subject, and the Freshman Philosophy class, has been posted on the Bulletin Board by Brother Leo. In the Backgrounds of Literature course, but one Junior, Arthur Sherry, had his name included in the list. Very few Seniors had their names down three times; Raymond Arata, Francis Boland, Armond Demartini, and Edwin Swallow.

SICKNESS STRIKES SOPH

A member of the Sophomore Class has also met with reverses. Frank Barton of that class has been afflicted with an infection in his right eye. His friends are very anxious for his speedy recovery.

Commuters and Boarders in Grid Contest

Sunday saw the annual football game between the Cliff-Dwellers and Deck-Walker elevens. In other words between the Boarders and the Commuters. It was quite a warm contest, the resident students only coming out on the long end of the score after a hard fight. The final score was 9 to 7.

The Boarders were the first to score as a result of an intercepted forward pass by McDermott. A conversion followed, which made the score 7 to 0. The commuters tied things up in the third period when Ray Arata intercepted a pass and ran for a score. They also converted.

The tie score remained until late in the fourth quarter, when Mullany, usually reliable, fumbled behind his own goal line, and fell on the ball for a safety. No more scoring was done, and the Commuters lost, a victim of their own mistakes. McDermott and Bertain were the shining lights for the Cliff-Dwellers, while Everett Nevin was the big gun for the Commuters. His plunging and punting was very good and his backing up of the line was a revelation.

Frosh Debaters Get Organized

Due to the influence of Mr. Edwin Regan of the Senior Class, a Freshman debating society has been organized. Their first undertaking was a debate before the A. P. G. U. Society Tuesday. Dobbins and Locke are among the outstanding debaters of the class.

ADONIS VS. VENUS

De Lew: "I wish I had a nickel for every girl I've kissed."

She: "What would you do, buy yourself a package of gum?"

FORMER STUDENT NOW SCHOLASTIC INSTRUCTOR

Brother Romuald, known to some of the Juniors as "Bob" Kayser, is instructor in Chemistry at the Brothers' preparatory novitiate at Martineez. Brother Romuald, formerly a student at the college heard the call for more Christian educators, and entered the novitiate some time ago. As may be seen, he is getting along fine.

HUMOR

I WONDER

(A play in three, very short acts)

ACT ONE

The hero comes in sight leaving an ocean liner. Gets off, runs for a taxi, which takes him away. Curtain.

ACT TWO

We meet the hero again. He leaves the taxi, mounts the stairs to a mansion, and rings bell. Curtain.

ACT THREE

(At last something is said)

Our hero's name is Harold, and being ushered into the parlor by the butler he is met, not by a blonde, but by a brunette, whose name is Mazie.

Mazie: "Why, Harold, what brings you here?"

Harold: "I have traveled over the arid wastes of Algeria, over the snowy summits of Siam, across the Atlantic and Pacific, as well as the Dead Sea, to get to you."

Mazie: "Ah, Harold, what do you want of me?"

Harold: "I want to ask you a very vital question, one that will influence my whole life—"

Mazie: "Yes—what is it Harold?"

Harold: "Mazie—tell me—"

Mazie (expectantly and breathlessly) —"Yes—Har—old."

Harold (blurts out)—"Is Ethyl here yet?"

Mazie faints and falls to floor. Curtain falls with Harold holding water to her lips.

Teacher: "Give a sentence using 'Herbert's, the Batchelor Grill.'"

Tarzan: "Sixty thousand saw Herbert's, the batchelor, grill his way thru the U. S. C. line Saturday.

A FATAL BREATHER

"Mark Twain hates a gloomy man," said a New York editor. "Once at a banquet, a very gloomy man sat opposite him. This man wouldn't smile at the most amusing jokes recounted.

"What's the matter with you?" cried Mark Twain. "The stories are all good. Why don't you laugh?"

"Ah, sir," said the gloomy man, with a sigh, "how can I laugh when I remember that every time I breathe a soul passes into the great beyond?"

"Good gracious!" said the humorist, "did you ever try cloves?"—Everybody's Magazine.

DOINGS OF A DYSPEPTIC STUDENT

Up and to the ferry in haste, where I did joy to see the deck-hands work at fire drill, and listen to the boys tell pretty stories in the boat, all of which pleaseth me mightily. In such manner, class approacheth much too hastily, but when once there, and launched upon my speech, I did enjoy it greatly, for the subject was the faults of education. I did wax mighty eloquent, stirring an emotion in Sir Claude Silva's blood, the while I belaboured lustily the wrongs of our system. Albeit, the speech went off bravely, Baron Stolich claimeth later it did cause him sad and calamatous suffering, being the poorest stuff he had ever heard. So I calleth him a most insipid young coxcomb, and left him, mighty vexed. Later in the day, growing tired of it all, I exclaimed loudly, "Enough of this twiddle-twaddle, I will betake myself to something more instructive," so, away to the Orpheum.

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